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Presented by

the Executive Secretary

to the

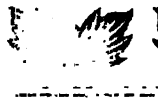
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AN
(Bartlett, W.)
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WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT



DEDICATION OF THE

A RECORD

OF THE

DEDICATION OF THE STATUE

OF

MAJOR GENERAL

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT

A TRIBUTE OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS

May - 27 - 1904

BOSTON: PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE GOVERNOR AND
COUNCIL : WRIGHT AND POTTER PRINTING COMPANY
STATE PRINTERS : : : NINETEEN HUNDRED AND FIVE

1905

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
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RESOLVES

OF THE GENERAL COURT

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

IN THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND ONE

RESOLVE

[CHAPTER FIFTY-FIVE]

TO PROVIDE FOR ERECTING UPON THE STATE HOUSE GROUNDS A STATUE OF THE LATE MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT

RESOLVED, that there be allowed and paid out of the treasury of the Commonwealth, to be expended under the direction of the governor and council, a sum not exceeding twenty thousand dollars, for the purpose of erecting in Massachusetts a statue in bronze of the late Major General William Francis Bartlett, said statue to be placed upon the state house grounds on such site as the governor and council may designate.

House of Representatives, April 10, 1901

Passed. JAMES J. MYERS,
Speaker

In Senate, April 15, 1901

Passed. RUFUS A. SOULE,
President

April 16, 1901

Approved. W. MURRAY CRANE

Office of the Secretary, Boston, Sept. 23, 1904

A true copy.

Witness the Great Seal of the Commonwealth,

WILLIAM M. OLIN,
Secretary of the Commonwealth

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

IN THE YEAR ONE THOUSAND NINE HUNDRED AND THREE

RESOLVE

[CHAPTER FOUR]

RELATIVE TO THE SITE OF THE STATUE OF THE LATE MAJOR GENERAL WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT

RESOLVED, that the statue of the late Major General William Francis Bartlett, provided for by chapter fifty-five of the resolves of the year nineteen hundred and one, and now in course of construction, may be placed either within the state house or in the state house grounds, as the governor and council shall decide, and at a point which shall be designated by the governor and council.

House of Representatives, Feb. 5, 1903

Passed. JAMES J. MYERS,
Speaker

In Senate, Feb. 6, 1903

Passed. GEORGE R. JONES,
President

Feb. 6, 1903

Approved. JOHN L. BATES

Office of the Secretary, Boston, Sept. 23, 1904

A true copy.

Witness the Great Seal of the Commonwealth,

WILLIAM M. OLIN,
Secretary of the Commonwealth

MAP

ORDERS

OF THE GOVERNOR'S COUNCIL

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

COUNCIL CHAMBER

Boston, Jan. 15, 1902

ORDERED, that Daniel C. French be invited to submit to the governor and council a proposition in writing, for the erection, on the state house grounds, of a statue in bronze of the late Major General William Francis Bartlett; the completion of the same, including the pedestal and the time within which the work shall be completed to be stated in the proposition.

Adopted in council, Jan. 15, 1902.

EDWARD F. HAMLIN,
Executive Secretary

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

COUNCIL CHAMBER

Boston, Jan. 29, 1902

ORDERED, that the executive secretary be authorized on behalf of the governor and council to sign the contract with Daniel Chester French, for a statue to be cast in bronze of General William Francis Bartlett, said contract being dated Jan. 29, 1902.

Adopted in council, Jan. 29, 1904.

EDWARD F. HAMLIN,
Executive Secretary

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

COUNCIL CHAMBER

Boston, April 29, 1903

ORDERED, that the statue of the late Major General William Francis Bartlett, provided for by chapter fifty-five of the resolves of the year nineteen hundred and one, be placed in one of the niches in the memorial hall in the state house, as authorized by chapter four of the resolves of the year nineteen hundred and three.

A true copy.

Attest:

EDWARD F. HAMLIN,
Executive Secretary

Commonwealth of Massachusetts

COUNCIL CHAMBER

Boston, Sept. 28, 1904

ORDERED, that Francis Hurtubis, Jr., private secretary to His Excellency the Governor, be authorized to edit and publish a report of the proceedings incident to the erection, unveiling and dedication of the statue of Major General William Francis Bartlett. The expense attending the same to be paid out of the appropriation authorized by the provisions of chapter fifty-five of the resolves of the year nineteen hundred and one, and chapter four of the resolves of the year nineteen hundred and three.

Adopted in council, Sept. 28, 1904.

EDWARD F. HAMLIN,
Executive Secretary

INTRODUCTION



INTRODUCTION.

ON the forty-first anniversary of the Battle of Port Hudson, May 27, 1904, a tablet was unveiled in Memorial Hall, Harvard College, in Boston, as a memorial to Major William Francis Bartlett.

The ceremonies were held in the impressive beautiful circular hall of [illegible], its walls draped with heavy folds of red, white and blue, and rows of flags above each tablet, which is scores of battle flags silently proclaim the noble part played in the struggle for the Union, and in mural paintings of events conspicuous in the Massachusetts, there was assembled a large gathering the first representatives of every in the Commonwealth, both military, professional, business.

Colonel Charles [illegible] was specially detailed by Secretary of War to represent the United States at the [illegible] ation.

There were present also survivors of the [illegible] events in which General [illegible]

INTRODUCTION

ON the forty-first anniversary of the battle of Port Hudson, May 27, 1904, there was unveiled in Memorial Hall, in the State House, in Boston, a statue in bronze of Major General William Francis Bartlett.

The ceremonies were brief but impressive. In the beautiful circular hall of Sienna marble, its balcony rail draped with heavy festoons of laurel, and with glories of flags above each portal, with its scores of tattered battle-flags silently proclaiming the noble patriotism displayed in the struggle for the Union, and its splendid mural paintings of events conspicuous in the history of Massachusetts, there was gathered a large assemblage including the first representatives of every walk of life in the Commonwealth, official, military, professional and business.

Colonel Charles Shaler was specially detailed by the Secretary of War to represent the United States Army at the dedication.

There were present also survivors of the three Massachusetts regiments in which General Bartlett served, the

Twentieth, Forty-ninth and Fifty-seventh, twenty members of General Bartlett's class, Harvard, 1862, and members of the Women's Relief Corps.

Mrs. William Francis Bartlett was accompanied by her son, Edwin B. Bartlett, and by her daughters and grandchildren. Her party included Miss Edith Bartlett, Pittsfield; Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Francis, Pittsfield; Master J. Dwight Francis, Mr. and Mrs. James Howard Kidd, Miss Carolyn P. Kidd, Master J. Howard Kidd, Jr., Tivoli-on-Hudson; Mrs. Robert P. Bartlett, Rochester, N. Y., Captain Charles H. Manning, U. S. N.; Mrs. Charles H. Manning, Manchester, N. H.; Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Manning, Mrs. H. L. Chapman, Mr. Charles Bartlett Manning, Mr. Harold Manning and Mr. Francis Manning, Manchester, N. H.; Colonel Walter Cutting, Miss Juliana Cutting, Miss Madeline Cutting, Mrs. Henry W. Bishop, Miss Jessica P. Bishop, Pittsfield.

The statue is the work of Daniel Chester French. It represents William Francis Bartlett, dressed in the uniform of a Major General, with the cape overcoat, as saluting the flag, with a hat held in his right hand, the other resting upon the hilt of his sword.

The height of the statue is seven feet and four inches above the plinth. It is of standard bronze, finished with a green patina, and was cast by the Bonney-Bonnard Company of New York. Behind the statue, on the plinth, are branches of laurel and olive, emblematic of

Fame and Peace. The statue itself rests upon a pedestal of Greek marble, known as Cippolino, and is of a green color, finely veined. It was designed by Henry Bacon of New York. The die of the pedestal is ornamented on two sides with a border of conventionalized laurel leaves of solid silver let into the stone. This border meets at the front a tablet, also of silver, bearing the following inscription: —

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT

A VOLUNTEER IN THE CIVIL WAR

A MAJOR GENERAL AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-FOUR

FOREMOST TO PLEAD FOR RECONCILIATION BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH

BORN 1840 DIED 1876

At half past two o'clock the unveiling exercises began by buglers sounding "To the Colors," in salutation. Immediately afterwards Lieutenant Governor Curtis Guild, Jr., Chairman of the Committee charged with the erection of the statue, advanced to the front of a small platform, all present standing with bared heads, and addressing His Excellency Governor John L. Bates briefly narrated the history of the statue and formally presented it to the Chief Magistrate of the Commonwealth. As the Lieutenant Governor pronounced his final words, the

cords releasing the American flags draped about the statue were drawn by Master James Dwight Francis, a seven-year-old grandson of General Bartlett, and at the same moment, from the balcony above, there burst forth from the band of the First Corps of Cadets "The Star Spangled Banner." As its strains died away, clear-toned bugles, sounding the major-general's call rang in salute.

His Excellency the Governor then accepted the statue in behalf of the Commonwealth, and concluded by paying high tribute to the splendid patriotism and beautiful character of General Bartlett. With the close of Governor Bates' address, the unveiling ceremonies in Memorial Hall ended. The company, under escort of Sergeant-at-Arms Remington, then passed up the grand staircase into the Hall of the Representatives, where the literary part of the dedicatory exercises were held. As presiding officer, Governor Bates took the chair, Brigadier General Morris Schaff, the orator of the day, sitting at his right, the Right Reverend William Lawrence, D.D., Bishop of the Episcopal Church of Massachusetts, occupying a chair at his left. The large chamber was crowded.

Prayer was offered by the Right Reverend William Lawrence, D.D., a personal friend of General and Mrs. Bartlett. The First Corps Cadets Band rendered the "Pilgrim Chorus from Tannhäuser" and immediately afterwards Brigadier General Morris Schaff delivered an oration upon the warrior and peacemaker. Upon the conclusion

of General Schaff's oration, a musical selection, "Songs of the Civil War," was given by the band, and following this Executive Secretary Edward F. Hamlin read tributes by officers who wore the gray in the Civil War, — Captain W. Gordon McCabe of Pegram's battery which was blown up in the explosion of the mine before Petersburg, and Captain John S. Wise, C. S. A., of Richmond, Virginia, both gentlemen having been intimate friends of General Bartlett. "America" was then sung, and benediction having been pronounced by Bishop Lawrence, the assemblage dispersed.



BIOGRAPHY

BIOGRAPHY

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARTLETT was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, on the sixth of June, 1840. He was the son of Charles L. Bartlett and Harriott (Plummer) Bartlett. Some of his ancestors served in the Revolutionary War, and one of his great grandfathers was present at the siege of Louisburg.

On the seventeenth of April, 1861, while a junior at Harvard College, he joined the Fourth Battalion of Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, and was with the battalion from the twenty-fifth day of May until the twenty-fifth day of June on garrison duty at Fort Independence, in Boston Harbor. Upon the expiration of its tour of garrison duty the battalion was dismissed, and Bartlett returned to college. He was so delighted with the month spent at the fort, however (which he declared to be "the pleasantest and most fruitful that I remember"), that thenceforth he gave much thought to military matters. Eagerness to enlist had so seized him that soon after he expressed the wish that the report were true that an order had come for ten more regiments.

In June, 1861, Colonel William Raymond Lee was authorized to raise the Twentieth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, and to name his field and staff officers and the line officers of two companies. He offered the position of Lieutenant Colonel to Francis Winthrop Palfrey. While at Fort Independence, Bartlett had come under the command of Palfrey, and had so impressed him by the serious, faithful and intelligent manner in which he had striven to learn a soldier's duties, that through him he was tendered a captaincy in the new regiment. This commission he accepted, and after six weeks' trial of the soldierly capacity and efficiency of the line officers, he was named senior captain. On the fourth of September, 1861, the regiment left the State for the front. Seventeen days later, Captain Bartlett experienced his first battle in the fierce struggle at Ball's Bluff, a struggle which cost the Twentieth regiment its colonel, major, adjutant, assistant surgeon, one first lieutenant taken prisoner, a captain and two lieutenants killed, and three captains and two lieutenants severely wounded, in addition to about one hundred and fifty non-commissioned officers and privates, killed, wounded and missing. Captain Bartlett, by reason of these casualties, thus became the second officer of the regiment present for duty.

On the twenty-fourth of April, 1862, Captain Bartlett was with his regiment at the outposts in front of York-

town. While at the outer line, kneeling and examining the enemy through his field glass, a bullet from the rifle of a sharpshooter struck his left knee, shattering the bone down to the ankle, and necessitating the amputation of the leg four inches above the knee.

On September 20, 1862, he took command of Camp Briggs, Pittsfield, Massachusetts, where the Forty-ninth Regiment Massachusetts Infantry (a nine month's regiment) was assembling. The regiment had the right of choosing its officers, and at the election held on November tenth, Captain Bartlett was unanimously chosen its colonel.

The regiment sailed from New York on the twenty-fourth of January, 1863, and reached New Orleans on the seventh of February. It at once moved up the river to Carrolton, where General Emory's division was encamped. A few days later the regiment encamped at Baton Rouge, and on the fourteenth of March, the army of which Colonel Bartlett's regiment was a part began its march towards Port Hudson. On May twenty-seventh, the Nineteenth Corps, commanded by General Banks, was ordered to make an assault on the fortifications of Port Hudson. The attack began on the left of the line, at about noon, General Augur's division (the centre) being ordered to assault the works in line of battle. Colonel Bartlett, commanding the Forty-ninth Massachusetts Volunteers, was in this division, and as,

by reason of the loss of his leg, he could not go on foot over a half mile of felled timber and abatis, he, being unwilling to let the regiment go without him, led it on horseback. The character of that leadership may be read between the lines of the following modest account in the General's own journal:

"The edge of the woods was a few rods to the front, and then there was open ground to the works, except the obstructions. Soon the order came to assault. I knew just what sort of a place there would be to go through — I had seen rebel fortifications before. I knew it would be almost impossible to get through the fallen trees, etc., even if I was not shot at. I knew, being the only officer mounted, I should be much more conspicuous. I knew that my chances for life were very small. But I had to go horseback or not at all. So prayed that life and limb might be spared, and went in. * * * We had got two-thirds across the slaughter-field when, just as I was shouting to the men to keep closed on the color, pop I went off my horse like a rocket. * * * As for me, God had been very good. I was spared life, and most probably limb. The ball, a round one luckily, struck in the joint of my wrist, shattering the bones. It was very painful. The other wound was slight. A buck-shot struck the outside of my right ankle and glanced down, entering the flesh and passing through the sole of my foot."

The ball was cut from the wrist, the wound dressed, and Bartlett was thence conveyed by steamboat to Baton Rouge.

After the mustering out of the Forty-ninth regiment, Colonel Bartlett was authorized to raise the Fifty-seventh Regiment Massachusetts Infantry, which as Colonel he took to the front in April, 1864. After reaching Annapolis it became a part of the First Brigade, First Division, Ninth Army Corps. In the battle of the Wilderness (May 6, 1864), Bartlett was again wounded, this time in the head, just above the right temple. Fortunately, the ball glanced off. In June, of the same year, he was commissioned Brigadier General of Volunteers, and a month later took command of the First Brigade of Ledlie's division, Ninth Army Corps, before Petersburg. In the assault of July thirtieth, General Bartlett, with most of his staff, was captured in the crater of the mine. He was held by the Confederates two months, and from disease contracted because of hardships undergone during that period he never fully recovered. In June, 1865, he returned to active duty, taking command of the first division of the Ninth Corps, but on July fourteenth his division was broken up, and his actual service was over, although it was not until a year later that he was mustered out, a Major General by brevet, his commission being dated back to March, 1865, three months before his twenty-fifth birthday.

Before being mustered out, on October 14, 1865, General Bartlett was married to Miss Agnes Pomeroy, of Pittsfield, and most of the remaining years of his life were spent in Pittsfield and vicinity. In 1866 he was offered, but declined, the collectorship of the Port of Boston. In 1872 he accepted a position on the Governor's personal staff, but when, in 1875, he was offered both the nomination for lieutenant governor on the Democratic ticket, and the nomination for governor on the Republican ticket, he would take neither.

His connection with the iron industry called him constantly to Virginia, sometimes for months at a time. While there he formed strong and enduring friendships with many of his late antagonists. He thus naturally became greatly interested in soothing sectional spirit and in restoring a common loyalty. His two most notable speeches pleading for reconciliation and a union in national feeling were made with singular felicity on June 24, 1874, at the dedication of Harvard's Memorial Hall to her volunteers, and on April 19, 1875, at the Centennial of the battle of Lexington, commemorating the opening of a war whose second phase was the marching of southern soldiers to the relief of the siege of Boston.

On December 17, 1876, after suffering intensely during a long illness, General Bartlett died at his home in Pittsfield. His grave in the Pittsfield cemetery is marked

with a boulder of rough stone. It bears on a bronze shield, in addition to the conventional statement of death and rank, these simple words: —

A Soldier undaunted by wounds and imprisonment.
A Patriot foremost in pleading for reconciliation.
A Christian strong in faith and charity.
His life was an inspiration.
His memory is a trust.



DEDICATION OF BARTLETT STATUE

PROGRAMME

THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE IN THE HALL OF THE FLAGS

AT 2.30 P.M.

1 **Bugle Call** "To the Colors"

2 **Presentation of the Statue to the Commonwealth** — BY THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR

3 **Unveiling of the Statue** — BY MASTER JAMES DWIGHT FRANCIS

4 **Acceptance of the Statue** — BY THE GOVERNOR

THE AUDIENCE IS REQUESTED TO RISE WHEN, AT THE UNVEILING OF THE STATUE, THE BAND PLAYS "THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER," AND TO REMAIN STANDING UNTIL THE BUGLERS HAVE SOUNDED THE SALUTE TO THE MAJOR GENERAL

EXERCISES IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

AT 3 P.M.

HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN L. BATES, GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS
IN THE CHAIR

1 **Prayer** — THE RIGHT REVEREND WILLIAM LAWRENCE

2 **Music** Pilgrim Chorus from Tannhäuser — BOSTON CADET BAND

3 **Oration** — BRIGADIER GENERAL MORRIS SCHAFF

4 **Music** Songs of the Civil War — BOSTON CADET BAND

5 **Southern Tributes** — READ BY EDWARD F. HAMLIN, *Executive Secretary*

6 **"America"**

7 **Benediction** — THE RIGHT REVEREND WILLIAM LAWRENCE

THE AUDIENCE IS REQUESTED TO JOIN IN SINGING THE FIRST AND LAST VERSES OF "AMERICA"

ADDRESS

BY

HIS HONOR CURTIS GUILD, JR.

Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts



HIS HONOR CURTIS GUILD, Jr., LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR

ADDRESS

BY HIS HONOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR CURTIS G

YOUR Excellency — Chapter [illegible] five of the resolves of Nineteen hundred and [illegible] provided an appropriation for a [illegible] of the soldier we honor to-day. Chapter [illegible] of the resolves of Nineteen hundred and three provided that the Governor and Council should determine the [illegible] site. In accordance with these resolves the model of this statue by Daniel Chester French was ordered. It has been placed here in the Hall of the Flags in eternal salute to the very colors which our Massachusetts Sydney in life so gloriously upheld.

It is my high privilege as chairman of the Senate House Committee and as senior member of the Executive Council officially to report to you, sir, [illegible] of the work entrusted, under your executive supervision, to our charge. It is further my pleasure to deliver to you, sir, as chief of the Commonwealth, this statue, a memorial of one whose [illegible] heroism in war was as much a matter of [illegible] modesty and generosity in peace, a [illegible] incarnate of an American officer and [illegible] Francis Bartlett.

ADDRESS

BY HIS HONOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR CURTIS GUILD, JR.

YOUR Excellency — Chapter Fifty-five of the resolves of Nineteen hundred and one provided an appropriation for a bronze statue of the soldier we honor to-day. Chapter four of the resolves of Nineteen hundred and three prescribed that the Governor and Council should determine the statue's site. In accordance with those resolves the modeling of this statue by Daniel Chester French was ordered. It has been placed here in the Hall of the Flags in eternal salute to the very colors which our Massachusetts Sydney in life so gloriously upheld.

It is my high privilege as chairman of the State House Committee and as senior member of the Honorable Council officially to report to you, sir, the completion of the work entrusted, under your excellency's supervision, to our charge. It is further my happy duty now to deliver to you, sir, as chief of the Commonwealth, this statue, a memorial of one whose sheer, consummate heroism in war was as much a matter of course as his modesty and generosity in peace, a Massachusetts ideal incarnate of an American officer and gentleman—William Francis Bartlett.

ADDRESS

BY

HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN L. BATES

Governor of Massachusetts



HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN L. BATES, GOVERNOR

ADDRESS

BY HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR JOHN I

MR. Chairman — By the action of the General Court it was decreed that Massachusetts should show her love for one of her departed soldiers by the erection of a statue to his memory.

To the committee of the Council was entrusted the execution of the decree. The committee called to its aid the genius of one who, passing his boyhood near Concord Bridge, early gathered from the old battlefield an inspiration that has enabled him to well depict in marble, and in bronze, the spirit of patriotism.

This statue, but now unveiled, commands our admiration, for its every line tells of devotion to duty. It is a worthy memorial of a deserving man. In behalf of the Commonwealth, I accept it, sir, from you and the committee and all whose efforts have contributed to its erection.

The people of this State have not been unmindful of the causes of their happiness, nor forgetful of their obligation to the men who have gone before.

From Plymouth Hill the uplifted eye, for-

HIS EXCELLENCY HIS GOVERNOR

ADDRESS

By His Excellency Governor John L. Bates

MR. Chairman — By the action of the General Court it was decreed that Massachusetts should show her love for one of her departed soldiers by the erection of a statue to his memory.

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This statue, but now unveiled, commands our immediate admiration, for its every line tells of devotion to the flag. It is a worthy memorial of a deserving man, and on behalf of the Commonwealth, I accept it, sir, and thank you and the committee and all whose efforts have contributed to its erection.

The people of this State have not been unmindful of the causes of their happiness, nor forgetful of their obligation to the men who have gone before them.

From Plymouth Hill the uplifted finger of Faith, for-

ever pointing to the heavens, tells the secret of the cradling of the nation.

Within the Hall of Representatives has been suspended for a century and a half the emblem of the codfish, typifying not, however, the sluggish denizen of the sea, but the sacrifice and courage of the early settlers who met wind and wave, braved the perils of the great ocean and brought forth from its depths the treasures upon which have been founded the fortunes that have contributed to the material welfare of the entire nation.

On many an avenue and square we find the representation of some great soul who was a pioneer in thought or action, leading people into new and pleasanter conditions. In every city and village, temples devoted to education attest the importance which our people attach to knowledge, and to its attainment.

But here in the centre of the busy metropolis, upon this hill, with the rushing tides of men dashing against its base, the State has reared its most costly monument and made of it a treasure house, not for silver or gold, or precious stones, or ancient archives, but for the flags for which men died — a memorial hall dedicated to the heroes who dared the storm of bursting shell and leaden hail, and with the musket and the sword drove treason from the land.

And here, in this temple, by the flag to which he consecrated his life, in the presence of his comrades who

wore the blue, with the approval of his foes who wore the gray, and with the approval of all men who honor courage and loyalty, and with this occasion graced by the presence of the true woman, who, with his country, shared his heart, we dedicate this statue, to the brave memory of one who in early manhood, with liberal education, with loving friends, and every surrounding that tends to make life attractive, left all that he might fight for his country; one who forgot the ties of business, of kindred, of love, when he heard that the flag had been fired upon; one whose zeal and skill in warfare brought him rapid promotion to high rank; one who was in many battles and wounded in all save one; a man battle-riven and powder-scarred, always on the firing-line; and yet, a man who, when peace came, was the first to urge generous treatment of the fallen foe — a man of beautiful character, faithful to every trust, a man whose memory Massachusetts will ever delight to honor — William Francis Bartlett.



PRAYER

BY

RT. REV. WILLIAM LAWRENCE, D.D.

Bishop of the Episcopal Church of Massachusetts

PRAYER

BY RIGHT REVEREND WILLIAM LAWRENCE, D.D.

ALMIGHTY and everliving God, we yield unto Thee most high praise and hearty thanks for the wonderful grace and virtue declared in all Thy Saints; especially do we praise Thee for the life of him whom we commemorate this day.

We recall his modest bearing, his love of the truth, his courage and readiness to do battle, even against his brethren, for his country, freedom, and the right.

We remember with gratitude the patient heroism with which he endured suffering, and the simple faith in His Savior, which was his inspiration in life and his stronghold in the hour of death.

Especially do we name here to-day the chivalrous heart that at the end of the war claimed those against whom he had fought as his brethren, and the firm voice and burning eloquence with which he called upon the people of the victorious North to join with their brethren of the South in building up a united country.

"Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God."

Pour Thy blessings, we pray Thee, upon the nation

for which he bled and died. Guide and support in their duties the President, the Governor of this State and all others in authority; and so lead Thy people that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety may be established among us for all generations: through Jesus Christ, Our Lord, Amen.



ORATION

BY

BRIGADIER GENERAL MORRIS SCHAFF



BRIGADIER GENERAL MORRIS SCHAFF, ORATOR

ORATION

BY E[illegible] C[illegible]AL M[illegible]S

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ORATION

By Brigadier General Morris Schaff

THE State is not a metaphor; it is a great fact: a spiritual body revolving around the divine nature of man. The State of Massachusetts has never doubted the capacity in men for great deeds. That is, and has been, her only religion of State; and in her devotions before the altar of her faith, in the vast cathedral of the soul, there has ever floated over that altar her ideals: her ideal commonwealth, her ideal citizen, and her ideal soldier. And to-day, in the high mood of her devotion, she enters her cathedral and marches up the aisle, as it were, carrying the embodiment of one of her ideals.

Let us not underestimate the solemnity and significance of this ceremonial. Sharing the high mood of the State, we leave banks, wharves, the fields, the great manufactories with their wheels humming homage to intellect devoted to labor, and we follow her up the aisle, hearing the voices of an invisible choir, the souls of inspired thinkers and doers, the notes of trumpets sounding back through the ages from far off graves of heroes, and the

voices of the ever peace-loving angels all calling on us to consecrate ourselves to the service of men and the true glory of the State.

These services grow out of and bring back the great War of the Rebellion. In a moment of awful delirium, the sons of one of the most gallant of peoples were pushed to the front by slavery in her last bloody stand against freedom in this upward-moving world. When the sons of the South threw down their challenge, the sons of the equally gallant North stepped off from the consecrated steps of her temple of manhood and picked it up. In the overhanging sky of those four years of war all the evil spirits of the past gathered, and all the sweet-faced, encouraging spirits of the future, with the better angel of our government in their midst, and watched while the sons of North and South fought it out.

A full sense of the inspired enthusiasm of those war days was not caught until, like huge dawn-tinted, bastioned clouds, they were drifting off toward the past's dim horizon line, with their heroic record. Then the State realized, for the first time in all its significance, that her manhood, the high virtue of courage, the citizen, the soldier and the gentleman, free government itself, had all been put to a mighty, final test, and that she and her sons had stood it, and stood it well. No wonder that, in the exultation of the hour, poets struck their highest notes, as in the "Commemoration Ode", and

that under the evoking wand of genius, monument after monument rose up over the land.

Massachusetts, with quivering lip and with tears of glory on her cheek, called in the flags that her sons had borne so well — flags whose every battle-dreaming strand is the string of a harp in her breast — and, after pondering the services of all, rose and put the name of Bartlett with those that glitter in her past; among the names which, like a diadem, band the brow of this chamber, filling it with calm, inspiring dignity, and through the silence of greatness with ever-exhorting speech. Let us follow him with her eye and her tumultuous beating heart as he mounts through the ordeal of war to the distinction of her most conspicuous soldier, the dew of youth still on his cheek, and, at last, to that higher distinction, the country's ideal of the soldier and gentleman.

William Francis Bartlett was born in Haverhill, June 6, 1840. His mother's name was Harriott Plummer, and his father's, Charles L. Bartlett. His forefathers were in the colonial and the revolutionary wars. When the civil war broke out he was a junior in Harvard, and on the seventeenth of April, 1861, he left his class, a tall, spare, blue-eyed boy, and enlisted in the 4th battalion, Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, entering that other great class that, after passing the awful ordeals of Stone River, Cold Harbor, Gettysburg, and the Wilderness, graduated

magna cum laude at Appomattox Court House in April, 1865.

General Bartlett's conduct under arms and the manly character he displayed attracted the attention of his officers, and when the 20th regiment was formed he was made its senior captain. The first action this gallant regiment was in, a regiment that met the enemy so valiantly on many a field, was at Ball's Bluff, Oct. 21, 1861. Here the State gets her first clear view of Bartlett. The troops have crossed the Potomac; they have climbed the steep, wooded bluffs; they are out in a small open field; beyond, rise primeval woods through which the enemy are advancing. Bartlett's company was lying down. He says in a letter to his mother: "I couldn't bear to wake them (many were asleep) until the first volley was heard from the woods. I felt that if I were going to be hit, I should, whether I stood up or lay down, so I stood up among them to keep them more self-possessed."

The enemy came on. They were met in the open field. "The ground," says Bartlett to his mother, "was smoking and covered with blood, while the noise was deafening." Mark the vividness of his description! Inch by inch our troops were driven back and down the bluffs. Bartlett called on his company for one last rally, and with Hallowell and Little Abbott, who fell gloriously in the Wilderness, at his side, every man that

was left sprang forward, and at close range they met the on-rushing enemy. Bartlett and his brave men were swept back and down into the murderous fire that was being poured into the disorganized troops, left through awful blunders without any means of recrossing the river.

It was a horrible scene; the river was full of struggling human beings; on the shore, men crowded helplessly together among the wounded and the dying, and all under a withering fire. Bartlett collected what he could of the regiment, told those who could swim and wished to try, to take to the water. Then, standing by those who could not swim, he determined to get them out of that savage, plunging fire. He led them up the river, found an old water-logged skiff, and finally rescued all that were with him, he being the last to cross. The next night after the battle — the regiment having lost its colonel, major, and over 160 of its officers, non-commissioned officers and men, killed, wounded and missing — and he being senior in command, ordered a dress parade, "both to give the men", so he wrote to his mother, "the idea that everything was not broken up, and also to cheer the men with the music of the band."

The death of General Baker, a senator of the United States, a boyhood and manhood friend of President Lincoln, who fell near Bartlett, while directing the battle, and whose imposing obsequies were held in the national capitol, made the disaster felt all over the North. The

only redeeming features were the courage of the troops, conspicuously the 20th, and Bartlett's heroic conduct. The papers glowed with their accounts, and the eyes of Massachusetts were fixed on him. In his journal he wrote: "They complimented me too highly, who did nothing more than my duty. My coolness was in me. I ought not to have the credit of it, but be grateful to God, who in His mercy had spared me, for granting me the courage and self-possession."

Here, in this first battle, we get some measure of the man. Modest, brave, self-possessed, rising in the face of defeat and summoning music and soldierly ceremonial to lift the down-hearted up to their old heroic level — there was some of Massachusetts grit. We can see him standing in command at the parade — the sun sinking down to rest in October's golden haze — tall, spare, his resolute, crystalline blue eyes on the regiment as the band marched by. Oh, 20th Massachusetts, how many fields of glory lay before you!

The following April, while on the skirmish line at Yorktown, he was wounded and his left leg was amputated four inches above the knee. On his recovery he was made colonel of the 49th, a Berkshire regiment, and forty-one years ago to-day, on account of his wound, having to go that way or not at all, he led it mounted at the assault of Port Hudson. Men! Veterans of the 49th! as your eyes fell on your old colors and the veil

fell from your old commander's face, how vividly must have come back the scenes of that bitter action! You see the lines forming, you see regiment after regiment falling in; you see that iron-hearted, forlorn hope at the front, and many of your regiment are in it, standing there waiting for the word to carry their fascines forward to fill the ditch.

The word comes. You see all that column of 3000 men moving with unfurled colors, shells bursting in your faces and tearing through your lines, men falling at every step, the flag, your flag, borne on and your colonel, the only mounted officer in the column, the gallant Mifflin at his side. You hear again his trumpet voice calling you, amid that deadly fire, to close on the colors; you see him fall. The assault fails; and the ground clear up to the works is strewn with the dead.

To show the spirit Bartlett infused into his men, when volunteers for a second forlorn hope were called for, every man that was left of this Berkshire regiment stepped out. Oh, beautiful blooms the laurel on the brow of Berkshire's hills, but when those men stepped out for that forlorn hope, the laurel of fame bloomed on the brow of every one.

Bartlett was wounded in the right foot; his left wrist shattered, nearly losing his hand. "Who was that man on horseback?" asked Confederate officers of Colonel Cutting, General Bartlett's brother-in-law, while under a

flag of truce to bury the dead. When he told them they said: "He was a gallant fellow and we thought him too brave a man to be killed, and ordered our men not to fire at him." They did not know that they were sparing the life of one of the best friends the South was ever to have; who would lead Blue and Gray up, not to breastworks of war, but to the bright, sweet fields of peace, whence both can see the star of their country ploughing its way up through empires and kingdoms to the lone zenith of its destiny.

Scholarship, our whole system of education, only reach perfection and become overpowering, simple realities when truth and beauty stand fully revealed to us. We cannot reason about the mystic significance of either of them, but we know that both are elementary in human nature; the quality of seeing and appreciating them is called the aesthetic. There is an entry in Bartlett's Port Hudson diary that throws light on the aesthetic quality of his nature:

"Saturday, March 14 — Got the order at midnight to start at 3 A.M. It made a wild picture in the dark morning, the camp fires blazing high, surrounded by dark forms. A little piece of the old moon rising in the east."

How that night scene fixes itself on the mind — the bit of old moon in the silent east! Along with the power to brave and to do, he had the power to see

and to feel, and when he made that entry he was satisfying, unconsciously, the most exacting requirement of the ideal; for the ideal is nothing but the poetic emblem of the real, and the underlying element in human nature that at last makes the emblem is poetry bursting into deeds.

Before we leave Port Hudson there is a single line in a letter to Governor Andrew about the appointment of a chaplain: "I have also read the services myself on Sunday to all who desired to attend," writes General Bartlett. I cannot conceive of any human achievement or character that is not magnified and made finer by the ennobling sentiment of religion. And, at this point, let me quote what Mr. Justice Holmes said, who for the sake of all that this occasion calls for, by common consent, should have made this address: "I knew him, and may even say that I knew him well; yet until that book appeared (his life by General Frank Palfrey) I had not known the governing motive of his soul. I had admired him as a hero. When I read I learned to revere him as a saint. His strength was not in honor alone, but in religion, and those who do not share his creed must see that it was on the wings of religious faith that he mounted above even valiant deeds into an empyrean of ideal life."

I cannot conceive of an ideal soldier and gentleman without the reverence and the deep, secretly beautiful

trust in God, and our ceremonial to-day will be incomplete, shallow, and mere froth if we do not get clearer visions of the best and are not moved by the inspiring influences of that spiritual world that overarches life.

Bartlett, after recovering from his Port Hudson wounds, was made colonel of the 57th. When Governor Andrew presented the colors, he said: "I commit these banners to you as an officer, as a citizen of Massachusetts, and as a personal friend, — an officer firm and loyal, a citizen faithful and patriotic, a friend in whom there is no guile. I know that neither on the white stripes of the one flag nor on the white field of the other will there ever fall the slightest dishonor."

Bartlett turned to his men: "Can I say to him for you that you will do honor to this trust, that you will carry it, and defend it, pray for it, and if need be, die for it?" Survivors of the 57th! you who followed him into the Wilderness with those banners, would that I could with the wave of a magic hand lift the Wilderness before this audience and let it catch through the smoke and tangled undergrowth a view of those lines of battle; hear them pouring into each other those crashing volleys, as you saw it and as I saw it on that sixth of May morning, 1864. See you the 57th charging over a regiment that would not move, and hear Hancock, under whose eyes you charged, exclaim, "Glorious!" as, with Bartlett leading, you carried the line forward. He says

in his diary: "The loss in my regiment is great, nearly 200 killed and wounded (the actual loss was 251). I am satisfied with their conduct." I think the rising night wind never reaches the tree tops where you charged that it does not breathe a note which is taken up throughout the timber of the Wilderness and becomes a mighty requiem for all, for Blue and Gray.

Officers, sergeants, corporals, and privates of the 49th and 57th! you who matched bravery by like bravery! it is by your valor his monument rises. And oh, officers of the army and navy, companions of the Loyal Legion, and soldiers of all commands, dream not for one moment, I pray you, that you and your services are lost sight of in this ceremonial. You carried into the field the same high sense of duty as Bartlett; he was no more ready to die for a principle than you were; and your services are just as much a part of that glowing past as his. If the clouds of the war are drifting off dawn-tinted, the tint is but the blood that did not leave your cheeks when you fronted the guns of Fredericksburg, charged with Buford's cavalry, or met Pickett's matchless charge at Gettysburg, and if Bartlett could step off that monument, he would decline all distinction and modestly take his place among you. But I know you would put him back, proud that he represented truly your youth, your courage, and your patriotism.

General Bartlett was shot in the right temple and lay

off with the wounded in the Wilderness till night, and was then carried to Fredericksburg. When he recovered he was made a brigadier-general; he was but 24 years old. He rejoined the old Army of the Potomac just in time to lead his brigade at the explosion of the mine in front of Petersburg. How our hearts beat as we saw those troops going up that deadly slope, one line of blue after another, the colors streaming out, trembling as they start to fall, only to be picked up and carried on, the field behind them blue, dotted as one of our Berkshire fields when the fringed gentian is blooming!

"I got up to the enemy's works about as soon as any one," Bartlett says in his diary. "Got into the crater. Took the first and second line of the enemy. Held them until after one, when we were driven back by repeated charges. I fought them for an hour (gallant Amory who is with us to-day was with him) after they held the whole line, excepting the crater where we were, their flags within some feet of ours across the works. A shell knocked down a boulder of clay on to my wooden leg and crushed it to pieces, killing the man next to me. I surrendered to General Mahone."

He was in the hands of the enemy, suffering with disease until late in the autumn, when he was exchanged, a physical wreck. Here, practically, ended his military career, for before he was able to take the field again

the confederacy fell, and he was mustered out, a brevet major-general at 25, the most conspicuous soldier that Massachusetts sent to the war.

If we seek for the explanation of this proud distinction, notwithstanding the dazzling brightness of the services of his youthful contemporaries, we shall find it, not in the admiration of personal friends or the discrimination of the educated class only, but in the magic that unconscious, spontaneous greatness has over the heart of the common people. Thousands of the people of Massachusetts had never seen him, yet they had seen his courage and high spirit carrying his frail body back again and again from the surgeon's table and the hospital to face once more the enemy. They had pictured him leading the handful of brave men up Ball's Bluff to make the last rally; they had pictured him at the foot of the Bluff leading them out of that withering, plunging fire; they had pictured him, mounted, leading the assault; they saw him coming up the streets of Pittsfield, bringing home the 49th, with his wounded arm in a box sling and his crutch strapped on behind him; they saw him in the Wilderness and at the Crater; and once the blaze of the popular hero is lighted in the minds of the multitude it never goes out. Moreover, he was young and a gentleman; and whatever may have been the soldier ideals of the common people theretofore, when Sidney and Bayard fell, they caught the gleam of the gentleman,

and their ideal soldier henceforth could only be, under the light of progressive insight, brave, young, and a scholar, he must have the sterling ring, and, thrown over all and infusing all, the mild transparence of the gentleman. Bartlett filled their ideal. Fame loves the poet, the musician and the artist, but her sweetheart is youth, the youth whose heart is overlaid with the iron virtue of courage.

On the fourteenth of October, 1865, General Bartlett was married to Mary Agnes Pomeroy of Pittsfield, who graces this occasion with her stately presence. He settled among us and identified himself at once with every uplifting agency. And although there was borne into our mountain valley the echoes of the hailing of the popular hero, it made no difference with him; he bore himself quietly, with unpremeditated dignity and unconscious good manners.

Meanwhile, the era of reconstruction had begun its visionary, unreasonable, and dishonored career. Blinded as the North was by its violent yet natural rage over the assassination of Lincoln, and violating the most fundamental principles of political wisdom by disfranchising the intelligent and distrusting the honesty of purpose of the national leaders, its scheme for the reconstruction of the South was doomed to failure from the first. The politicians, taking advantage of the revulsion, began their torturing process, knowing that the more violence the

South was driven to under it, the surer was their grasp on political power.

In the meantime, Bartlett had gone into the iron business, which, in the course of its management, carried him once more down into Virginia. He saw his old antagonists contending almost hopelessly with a state of affairs such as no high-spirited people ever went through and endured. Touched by the appeal of the men who, like himself, had faced death bravely for what they believed was right, he came home sorrowful, feeling that instead of the North and the South becoming reconciled, the seed was being sown for hereditary hatred and possible future rebellion. The North, he felt, was being dragged away from the high plane of its manhood; with his usual courage, he pushed aside all political honors and decided to appeal to the understanding and patriotism of the North.

The opportunity to make his appeal came with the dedication of Memorial Hall, June 24, 1874, erected to commemorate the services in the war of the sons of Harvard. He could not have had a better place. Harvard — wrapped up in the very name is all the history and every high aspiration of our country — Harvard, in the splendor of her past and in the greater splendor of high purpose, was paying her tribute to her high-spirited sons who had gone out into the field and given up life gallantly for what she had taught them

was sacred — a free, an enlightened, and a righteous republic. His biographer says: "When Bartlett arose, and the first words uttered by his deep and manly voice were heard, and the audience became aware that they came from the shattered soldier, whose tall form and wasted face they had seen at the head of the procession as he painfully marshalled it, a great silence fell on the multitude."

Bartlett said: "The day is not without sadness as we read the beloved names on those marble tablets; and yet, not without gladness as we reflect whatever change of fortune may come to us as the years roll on, their fame is secure, immutable, immortal. We shall grow old and wear out, but they will always keep for us their glorious, spotless youth. I firmly believe that when the gallant men of Lee's army surrendered at Appomattox (touched by the delicate generosity of Grant, who, obeying the dictates of his own honest heart, showed no less magnanimity than political sagacity) they followed the example of their heroic chief, and, with their arms, laid down forever their disloyalty to the Union. Take care, then, lest you repel by injustice or suspicion, or even by indifference, the returning love of men who now speak with pride of that flag as 'our flag.' Our brothers fell, not that New England might prosper, nor that the West might thrive — they died for their country, for the South, no less than for the North.

And the southern youth, in the days to come, will see this, and as he stands in these hallowed halls and reads those names, realizing the grandeur and power of a country which, thanks to them, is still his, will exclaim, 'These men fought for my salvation as well as for their own. They died to preserve not merely the unity of a nation, but the destinies of a continent.'"

In March, the following year, Bartlett was asked to make a speech at the centennial celebration of Lexington. He was failing, and failing fast. Death had set out and was coming on rapidly, when lo! the angel of peace hurried from the gate of heaven and, overtaking death, looked into his grim, meditative face and implored him to halt till her knightly young soldier could make his final plea for reconciliation between the brothers of his brave generation; and death halted.

Bartlett says in his diary: "A few words have come to me which I feel may, perhaps, fall on good ground and bring forth the fruit of peace and reconciliation. For why celebrate the centennial of the birth of a nation if that nation is still to be divided and distracted by sectional hostility? It is treading on delicate ground, but I know I am sincere, and I believe that what I am to say is for the good of the whole country, and if I can carry people with me will do much good."

General Grant was there and a vast concourse to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary. Chilled through and

faint, Bartlett rose and said: "The distinguished soldier who is your guest to-day never came nearer the heart of the people than when he said, 'Let us have peace.' Look to your heroes — their leaders, their Gordons, their Lees, their Johnsons, Lamar and Ripley — and tell me if you find in their utterances anything but renewed loyalty and devotion to a reunited country. As I begged you last summer, I entreat you again; do not repel the returning love of those men by suspicion and indifference. These are the men, as our great and good Governor Andrew told us at the close of the war, these are the men by whom and through whom you must restore the South." (A short while before the flag of Shaw's regiment had been returned by General Ripley of South Carolina.) Bartlett went on to say: "There are tattered flags in that sacred hall in yonder capitol, around which, in the shock of battle, I have seen dear friends and brave men fall like autumn leaves. There are flags there that I cannot look upon without tears of pride and sorrow. But there is no flag there which has to-day for us a deeper significance or that bears within its folds a brighter omen of 'Peace on earth, good will to men' than that battle-stained emblem so tenderly restored by a son of South Carolina, whom here, in the name of the soldiers of Massachusetts, I thank and greet as a brother. And I am proud that he was an American soldier. As an American I am as proud of the men

who charged so bravely with Pickett's division on our lines at Gettysburg as I am of the men who so bravely met and repulsed them there. Men cannot always choose the right cause; but when, having chosen that which conscience dictates, they are ready to die for it, if they justify not their cause, they at least ennoble themselves. Oh, sir, as Massachusetts was first in war, so let her be first in peace."

It would be impossible for me to give the immediate effect of this speech on the South; but if the shot at Sumter struck the iron in the blood of the North, this knightly utterance struck the heart of the naturally impulsive and naturally chivalric South. The old fires burned down and out; the fruits of Appomattox became affection and loyalty; the prophetic light of a reunited country that shone in Lincoln's benignant eyes was realized.

When we ponder on the results that followed complete reconciliation in all their national and humanizing significance, an almost overwhelming sense of glory breaks over the mind. We are caught up by a whirlwind of exultation, as it were, and we sweep along with our country in its flight. But let us not be carried away from the more enduring glory of our ideals, for long after the star of our country has been quenched in oblivion they will still be glowing in the human heart.

Bartlett's brilliant career culminated in his efforts in

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behalf of reconciliation. We have tried as well as we could in following it to get a clearer perception of the everlasting and inspiring qualities that make his life fulfill the ideals as we see them. We have been lighted on our way by the glow of his own deeds, and there has shone above us also the lamps of poetry, of religion, and a reverence for the divine things that man is capable of. His life ended on Sunday, the seventeenth of December, 1876, eight days before Christmas, just in time for his upward mounting spirit — met more than half way by that of Stonewall Jackson and Sedgwick, Albert Sidney Johnston and Shaw, and a great flight of knights of all ages, the redeemed spirits of Dick Steele and Colonel Newcome in their midst — just in time for him and his heaven-sent escort to catch the notes of a Christmas-rehearsing choir that once sang under the stars on a hillside of this world, "Peace on earth and good will toward men."—His valiant clay is lying up among the beautiful hills of Berkshire.

It was a great achievement to overcome the rebellion; it was a vastly greater achievement, one that history will not forget, for the battle-scarred generation that wore the blue and the gray to be on terms of mutual respect and friendship before leaving the stage. In this achievement let us not overlook the South, who, in a situation not then appreciated, and now only half appreciated, by the North, rose to the challenge of greatness. If there be

garlands for generations, and ours wears one, we owe it to Grant and to Bartlett more than to any others; for, having won victory, they wooed peace back to the land. By that act the standard of the conduct of nations has been raised; the standard of the gentleman has become the law of power; and victory to be glorious must henceforth be magnanimous, for valor dwells with mercy.

I believe the divine mission of our country is to furnish the world with ideals, ideal soldiers, ideal educated citizens, and ideal gentlemen. And it is in that class that we must look for the ideal soldier type. We shall not find him dying for Imperialism; we shall not find him in a war that is waged for commercial supremacy; we shall not find him in a war that is waged for military glory. He may fall a gentleman in any war, but for Massachusetts ideals he must fall a soldier and a gentleman in a righteous cause. Then not only Massachusetts, but poetry, literature, and religion itself will claim him. Government has its dreams as well as the young mother over the child's cradle. It dreams of the crests of honor, courage, wisdom, and the service of men.

In these days, when wealth is lifting her temple to mammon and the barbaric spirit of military glory is luring the nation, I believe it is our duty to head the other way; back to the simple, the modest, the lofty-minded company, those who bring the inspiration and

enduring glory of a courageous peace, back to the state religion of Massachusetts.

In this faith, under the banner of duty, marching to the music of the high aspirations of the heart, we come to-day with our hero, Bartlett, and with the colors that were carried in the war for freedom; proudly and tenderly we leave him for the emulation of those who come after us. And I think I hear an anthem from a dome that is higher than this, "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God."



TRIBUTES

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Richmond, Virginia, May 18, 1904

EDWARD F. HAMLIN, Esq.,
Executive Secretary,
Council Chamber, Commonwealth of Massachusetts, Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:—I beg leave to acknowledge the invitation extended to me to be present on the 27th inst., "Port Hudson Day," at the State House, in Boston, on the occasion of the dedication of a statue to the late General William Francis Bartlett.

To my great disappointment, I find that it is not possible for me to give myself this mournful pleasure, owing to imperative engagements here, so, craving your pardon for my delay, I beg that you will convey to His Excellency the Governor and to the Honorable Council my grateful acknowledgments for their kind invitation, coupled with my sincere regrets that I am unable to join with them in thus publicly honoring the memory of this illustrious son of Massachusetts.

Through the "fortunes of war" it fell to me, as a Confederate soldier, to oppose General Bartlett on more than one desperate field during the eventful years from 1861 to 1865. Through my own good fortune, it came to me to know him well personally after we had sheathed our swords on the conclusion of that momentous struggle. He came to us here in Richmond during the dreadful days of "reconstruction." He came to us as a brilliant soldier of high courage and dauntless resolution, to which we could all bear witness, and naturally that of itself drew to him at the very outset the kindly feeling of brave men.

Then, when his old adversaries came to meet him personally and marked the gallant bearing, the gracious courtesy, the sweet dignity, kindliness and simplicity of the high bred gentleman, and fell under the witchery of his engaging personality, his deep, resonant voice, the frank gaze of his fearless eyes, the charm of his sunny smile — as if by touch of a magician's wand every barrier melted away and we took him to our hearts with all the warmth of affection and sincerity that we would have given a dear comrade of our own side.

I shall never forget how profoundly moved and touched he was by the unexpected greeting that was given him on his return from Lexington, Massachusetts, in April, 1875, when on the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of the nation he made his famous plea for genuine reconciliation between the North and the South.

The telegraph had flashed far southward his generous and patriotic utterances, and all southern hearts were touched.

He was the first northern man who had the courage and magnanimity and broad patriotism to stand up in the North, where an ignoble gospel of doubt and suspicion and vindictiveness was being preached from pulpit and rostrum and boldly proclaim his convictions that the plighted word of brave men of his own blood should be fully trusted by the nation.

He was the first, the very first, we old soldiers love to remember, to pour out a brave man's scorn on the "cheap patriots" of the hour, who, insolent by reason of victory won by others, were proving themselves in halls of legislation, in pulpit, and on the hustings as "invincible in peace as they had been in war."

In his modesty Bartlett never dreamed that there would be any public demonstration at his home coming. I don't think any one did. It was in the air that "General Bartlett was coming

home" (for we had quite appropriated him by that time, and "home" meant Virginia). That was all. "The boys in gray" did the rest.

No one knows to this day how the demonstration was started, or who started it. Perhaps it was a suggestion of Bradley Johnson's, one of "Stonewall" Jackson's hardest fighters, a man of distinguished Revolutionary ancestry and a general officer of high daring and generous impulses. It was just one of those spontaneous affairs that no amount of official preparation can ever compass and no human power can ever stop, when once started.

As his train rolled into the station on that April night, there stood drawn up the remnant of one of Lee's veteran regiments,—"The First Virginian Infantry"—the surviving officers and men, and beyond a vast array of citizens. The bronzed and bearded veterans at once seized the astonished Bartlett, calling out gleefully, "We've got you again, General!" bore him shoulder high to his carriage, took out the horses and dragged the carriage to his residence, their band playing "welcome," while they all cheered like mad.

As Bartlett alighted and was escorted to the porch in front of his house, there fell a sudden hush, and General Johnson, who was an orator of magnetic power, spoke a few eloquent words of welcome, assuring him of the appreciation of his old adversaries touching his patriotic plea at Lexington. "And now men," cried Johnson in his clear, ringing voice, "General Bartlett has often heard the 'Rebel yell' in anger,—show him how it sounds in friendship." No one can describe the scene. As the heavens were rent by that shrill, wild yell, that rose and swelled in mighty volume and soared still higher, the northern hero who had not blenched at Ball's Bluff or Port Hudson, on the lines in front of Yorktown, or in front of Petersburg, stood completely unmanned,

the tears streaming down his thin, bronzed cheeks, while still that glorious yell rose and soared yet higher and higher, and even higher, in wild crescendo, until its piercing note seemed to smite and shiver the very skies. Bartlett caught the inspiration of the difference in the note of that yell, since last he had heard it amid the dust and sweat of battle, detecting in it now the glad presage of what had been the paramount and passionate aspiration of his generous heart since the day he had sheathed his stainless sword — the genuine reconciliation of brave and patriotic men, who had fought out their contention in valiant fashion and who had become once more reunited "in spirit and in truth."

Kindled by the inspiration, and pulling himself together with a mighty effort, he stepped forward in the light of the torches and made a speech, the thrilling eloquence of which will long remain a great tradition in Richmond — ending with these memorable words: "The war has left us soldiers, once foes, now friends, a memory of hard-fought fields, of fearful sacrifices, of heroic valor, and has taught us a lesson to be transmitted to our children — that divided, we were terrible — united, we are forever invincible."

There were many other eyes than Bartlett's wet with tears that night, and it is an open secret that had he continued his residence here, it was the fixed purpose of his old adversaries to urge his name for the governorship of the "Old Dominion."

Nor did there ever fade from his mind the recollection of that day disastrous to the Federal cause at Port Hudson — the anniversary of which Massachusetts has fitly selected as peculiarly appropriate for the dedication of this statue, — when riding in at the head of his men — he the only mounted officer in the assaulting column, he distinctly heard the Confederate officer commanding in his immediate front, touched with generous admiration of his foeman's reckless daring, call out imperiously to his men: "For

God's sake, men, don't shoot as brave a chap as that," and so, for a time, the Puritan-Cavalier rode unharmed into that hell of fire.

Massachusetts does well to preserve in imperishable bronze the form and lineaments of this Puritan-Cavalier, for in the long roll of those who have made her "glorious by the pen" and "famous by the sword," there shines out no name that quicker stirs the pulse's play, no name worthier the reverence and emulation of her children than that of William Francis Bartlett. In the contemplation of an heroic life, which, tried by both extremes of fortune, was found equal to the trial, and rounded at the last with the sleep which he giveth his beloved, selfish sorrow dares not raise its wail.

We, who still miss him and hold him in our hearts as a "dear comrade of the other side," can simply say, as his favorite Milton says of Sampson:

> "Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail,
> * * * * nothing but well and fair,
> And what may quiet us in a death so noble."

Your obedient servant,

W. GORDON McCABE,

Formerly Captain Pegram's Battalion Artillery, A. P. Hill's Corps, Army of North Virginia.

DEDICATION OF BARTLETT STATUE

New York, May 10, 1904

MR. EDWARD F. HAMLIN,

Executive Secretary,

Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:—This morning's mail brought your letter of the 9th inst., inviting me to be present at the State House in Boston, May 27th, when the statue to General William F. Bartlett is dedicated. I regret most sincerely that my engagements will prevent my going to Boston, for no one would feel more keenly the privilege of doing honor to General Bartlett's memory.

Indeed the Southern people did feel a sincere friendship for this worthy son of Massachusetts.

We first knew him as a dauntless soldier, with the courage of his convictions, which placed him, without a tremor, in desperate situations, from which he emerged undismayed. As our captive, he won our hearts; as one of our conquerors, he retained our affections. Time made him our fellow-citizen, our co-worker in the callings of peace, our neighbor, and our friend. I knew him in all the rapidly changing phases of those kaleidoscopic days. I remember him when he was almost vomited forth from the sulphurous vortex of the crater at Petersburg into the Confederate lines, a soldier with a wooden leg leading a forlorn hope. Afterwards I knew him, when with his sweet family, in the peaceful days that followed the war, we occupied neighboring pews in St. Paul's Church at Richmond. I had many chances to observe him, in his defeats, in his triumphs, in the calm of peace and privacy.

At all times, in all places, under all circumstances, General

Bartlett was above all other things a Christian and a gentleman. How few of us there are, alas, who can, under all conditions, keep these traits plainly visible to all who see us. Yet such he was,—type of that old-time manhood which immortalizes the best men of Massachusetts and Virginia—courage, love, tenderness, charity, modesty, humility, are the inevitable concomitants of the basic traits of Christian faith and the life of a gentleman. They were his as naturally as the breath he breathed. His face bore their impress, his manner and voice bespoke them, and he stole into the affections of his new made friends as naturally as if he had been with them and of them all his life. For strong and bold as he had been in the great struggle, he realized that it was over forever—that they had his own traits, by the valor and self-sacrifice they had shown—and that the hope of the future lay in mutual forgiveness and forgetfulness, and in the union of the best of both sides for the attainment of peace and a common glory.

Well may Massachusetts cherish the memory of such sons. Illustrious as is her roll-call, she never bred a truer soldier or a truer gentleman than Bartlett. Thank God that Virginia for a time enjoyed the privilege of witnessing his unsurpassed courage, and afterwards claiming him as her adopted son.

With great respect, I am

Yours truly,

JNO. S. WISE.

JUN 3 - 1949

